

The old woman took me to a cabin, as we walked in she waved her hand and the fire roared to life.

She snickered as my jaw dropped.

“One day, you may learn how to do that child.” She said. She let go of my hand and grabbed a bucket from the corner. “Go gather some water from the well its right outside.”

I gave her a look before going outside to the well. I looked at it never seeing one before. I vaguely remember a fountain but not much.

I grabbed the lever and turned it to hoist the bucket in the well. I looked at my reflection in the water, a dirty, tattered kid looked back.

I grabbed the bucket and carried it back, trying not to spill any of it.

“Thank you Nox.” The woman said dumping the bucket into a large tub. “Now, get in the tub.”

I tilted my head and looked at her weird.

“You’re filthy child we’re not doing anything until you are clean.”

I crossed my arms and shook my head.

“Don’t you shake your head at me.” The woman said grabbing the destroyed tunic I wore and throwing me into the water.

I surfaced and felt a scrub brush against my skin, the water turning a dark brown.

“Heavens child, you’d think you’d have been locked in a tomb for hundreds of years.” She said.

I felt something shifted in me. My eyes rolled back into my head and everything went black.

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I see a woman with no face, she is panicked. A man stormed in and the woman blocked my view of what was happening. The woman fell and the man swung at me, the dream going dark.

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I woke wrapped in a blanket near the fire.

“Ah, you’re awake.” The woman said.

I looked around and rubbed my eyes.

“You had a vision and from the convulsing it was pretty bad.” She said. “Do you know when you were born?”

I looked around and saw the soot on near the fireplace and wrote ‘Constantine VII’

“Do you know what year it is?”

I shook my head.

“Child, it’s 1498.” She said. “Constantine the seventh’s rule started in 913 A.D. Girl that was five hundred years ago.”